

ALEXANDER BALUS.

A N

ORATORIO.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Covent-Garden.

by Tho. Morell, A.A.

Set to Musick by **GEORGE-FREDERICK HANDEL, Esq;**



L O N D O N:

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TO

WILLIAM FREEMAN,
Of Hamels in Hertfordshire, Esq;

SIR,

NO T your Proficiency in the *Belles Lettres*,
nor Skill in most of the *Liberal Arts*, or other
Accomplishments; but your particular Affec-
tion for *Music*, and true Taste of Harmony, in its
most extensive Meaning, embolden'd me to inscribe
this Piece to You, and to honour myself with the
Title of,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

and bumble Servant,

RECOMMENDED
The AUTHOR.



ALEXANDER BALUS.

A N

O R^E A T O R I O.

P A R T I.

CHORUS of Asiatics upon the Return of Alexander from
the Conquest of Demetrius. *



LUSH'D with Conquest, — fir'd by Mithra †
Fountain of eternal Rays;
Sing we to Balus — sing we to Mithra —
Songs of Triumph — Songs of Praise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Alexander. Thus far, ye glorious Partners of the War,
The Pow'r on high hath prosper'd our Designs.
Demetrius is fain: — And Syria bows
To me her Lord with universal Joy.
I will repay them with those royal Virtues,
Justice and Clemency. —

Jonathan.

* 1 Maccab. x. 50.

† The Sun, the chief Object of Worship among the Eastern Nations.

Jonathan. ---- Most noble King,
 The Sons of *Israel*, (not less of Peace
 Desirous, than alert, and brave in War
 Whene'er their Country calls) congratulate
 This your Success: And Gifts, yet more than Gifts,
 Their Hands and Hearts, they offer, in firm League,
 As late accepted by imperial *Rome* *.

Alexander. Thy Boon is granted, be it wrote on Brafs,
 That *Jonathan* is *Alexander's* Friend †.
 " The Hearts of Brothers govern in our Loves,
 And sway our great Resolves. ----

Jonathan. ---- Confirm it, Heav'n.

A I R.

Great Author of this Harmony,
Who rul'st in Heav'n above;
O bind this League of Amity,
With Chains of lasting Love. ----

RECITATIVE.

Ptolomee. --- And thus let happy *Egypt's* King
 Speak his Affection with the Trumpet's Sound,
 That the surrounding Nations all may know,
Balus commands the Pow'rs of *Ptolomee*,
 Or to secure, or to adorn his Throne.

A I R.

Thrice happy the Monarch, whom Nations contend,
With Counsels to guide, and with Arms to defend:
Secure stands the Throne, that on Concord relies;
As by Concord preserv'd are the Earth and the Skies.

REC I-

* i Maccab. viii. 21. † i Maccab. x. 20.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

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RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Congratulation to our Father's Friend,
Amidst this general Joy directs our Part.
But how shall *Cleopatra* entertain
The royal Ear, unless *Apollo's* Self
Deigns to attune to his own Harp my Song?

AIR.

Hark, hark, He strikes the golden Lyre,
And tells it to his joyful Choir;
His Alexander reigns.
Ye docil Echoes, catch the Sound,
And spread the Blessing all around
In sweet harmonious Strains.

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. Be it my chief Ambition there to rise,
Where for these Obligations true Desert
May speak me grateful—

AIR.

Fair Virtue shall charm me,
And Honour shall warm me,
This Love to repay:
While Streams flow from Fountains,
And Flocks on the Mountains,
Or Valleys, shall stray.

Chorus.

Chorus of Asiatics.

*Ye happy Nations round; ---
Loudly triumph; --- your Voices raise,
In Choral Symphony, resound
Great Alexander's Praise.*

RECITATIVE.

Alexander. --- My Jonathan,
Didst Thou mark well her Graces? didst Thou feel
The Musick of her Eye? To me it seem'd
More soft, and sweet than her melodious Voice.
Beauty's a pleasing Tyranny, my Friend,
Which laughs at the Reluctance of the Will,
And humbles to her Lure the Hearts of Kings.

A I R.

*Oh, what resistless Charnes are giv'n
To Symmetry of Feature!
It seems the Model of all Heav'n,
And Triumph of all Nature.*

A I R.

Cleop. Subtle Love, with Fancy viewing
Rapt'rous Joys on Joys ensuing,
Plays around my captive Heart.
Cautious Reason fain woud ease me,
But all Efforts to release me
Only deeper fix the Dart.

REC I-

ALEXANDER BALUS.

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RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. *Aspasia,* I know not what to call
This Interview. Grant, O ye Pow'rs, it prove
A happy one, --- but I am sick with Doubt.
Mark'd you the King, *Aspasia?* Look'd He not
A King indeed, while on his radiant Brow,
Deckt with the rosy Rays of Youth, Love seem'd
To sit enthron'd, and full of Majesty? ---

A I R.

How happy shou'd we Mortals prove,
How joyous spend the live-long Day,
If silent Merit gain'd the Love,
That crafty Courtship steals away.

RECITATIVE.

Aspasia. Check not the pleasing Accents of thy Tongue,
Nor be ashamed, fair Princess, to declare
A Passion for the Brave. --- 'Tis a Reward
Beside the Honours of the well-fought Field,
They justly claim, --- None else deserve the Fair.

A I R.

So shall the sweet attractive Smile,
Winning Graces,
Soft Embraces,
Ever crown the Soldier's Toil :

When He awhile forgets the Noise
Of loud Alarms,
And clashing Arms,
To triumph in connubial Joys.

B

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. How blissful State! —

Aspasia. — That blissful State be yours.

Cleopatra. When neither Tyrant Custom rules the Choice,

Aspasia. Nor fickle Flights of Fancy guide the Will;

Cleopatra. But equal Love on equal Merit form'd,
With pure Affection feeds the constant Flame.

DANCE.

O, what Pleasures, past expressing,
Flow from pure and constant Love!
All is Joy, and all is Blessing,
Which the circling Hours improve.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Why hangs this heavy Gloom upon the Brow
Of Syria's Monarch, while his big Heart heaves,
With sudden Passion? hath the royal Maid,
Worthy indeed an *Alexander's* Love,
Enslav'd the mighty Conqueror? Know thyself,
'Tis thine to ask, and *Ptolemy's* to grant.

Alexander. — Be it so — with Speed, my Friend, dispatch
The Message, rich with Gifts, worthy a King *.
But say, what Gifts? had I a World to give
It were not equal Price, for such a Gem.

AIR.

Heroes may boast their mighty Deeds,
And talk of Conquest in high Strains;
Yet oft more pow'rful Beauty leads
The captive Conqueror in Chains.

* 1 Maccab. x. 54.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

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*Fly swift, on borrow'd Wings of Love,
To tardy-footed Minutes, fly:
And bring the Sentence to remove
This frantic Torture, Live or Die.*

YOUNG SAMWAXAN

RECITATIVE.

*Jonathan. Ye Sons of Judah, with high Festival
Proclaim this happy Day. --- The Sword is ceas'd
From Israel --- The Captives are restor'd. --- *
And Liberty, that Life of Life itself,
And Soul of Property, directs her Sons
To praise the Donor with extatic Joy.*

A I R.

*Great God, from whom all Blessings spring,
Life, Liberty, and Fame:
To thee let grateful Juda sing;
And magnify thy Name.*

Chorus of Israelites.

These are thy Gifts, almighty King,

Life, Liberty, and Fame:

For these with grateful Hearts we sing,

And magnify thy Name.

* 1 Maccab. ix. 72, 73.



ALEXANDER BALUS.

P A R T II.

ALEXANDER.

A I R.



IND Hope, thou universal Friend,
Sweet Balm in all Distress.
Still, still, a Lover's Pray'r attend,
With fancied Raptures of Success.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jonath. Long, long, and happy live the King. Thus speaks
The Messenger from Egypt. --- *Ptolomee*
Greets Thee his Son; and *Cleopatra* deckt
In all the Lustre of a blooming Bride,
At *Ptolemais* waits the smiling Hour *.

Alexander. --- Thither let us haste, my *Jonathan*,
And all the thorny Cares of State apart
Seize the sweet Hour, and revel in Delight.

* i Maccab. x. 57.

A I R.

RECITATIVE

A I R.

O Mithra, with thy brightest Beams,
Shine out serene & gay; O
And pour forth all thy golden Streams,
To glad our bridal Day.

RECITATIVE.

A Sycophant Courtier. Stay, my dread Sovereign, and let
just Revenge

Secure thy Throne. --- A base, ungrateful Man,
Covering fell Purpose with the specious Mask
Of Friendship, plots against thy Throne, thy Life.
Loyal Affection dictates this, yet more,
It bids me say, that *Jonathan* is He *.

Alexander. 'Tis false. --- Avaunt, before I frown Thee dead. ---
Bring me, my Lords, the richest purple Robe,
And ducal Crown. --- Much more deserves my Friend,
My Brother *Jonathan*; and more will I
Exalt Thee, best of Men. --- For sacred is
This Day to Honour, Gratitude, and Love.

A I R.

Mighty Love now calls to arm,
Hear, --- he sounds the last Alarm. ---
Lead, sweet Hymen, lead away. ---
Let no harsh discordant Sound,
But Love and Joy be spread around. --- D. C.

* i Maccab. x. 61.

REC I-

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. " There is no Greatness in Mortality,
" That can tie up the Gall in fland'rous Tongues,
Or scape th' intended Wounds of Calumny.
" 'Tis a rough Brake, the Virtuous must go through;
Ever in Danger, and yet ever safe,
In the Protection of almighty Pow'r.

AIR.

Hateful Man, thy fland'rous Tongue,
Throws in vain the poison'd Dart;
Know, that 'twill recoil ere long,
Doom'd to stab the Traitor's Heart.

Chorus of Isaelites.

O Calumny, on Virtue waiting
Shadow-like, yet Virtue hating;
Fly these upper Regions, fly.
Native of the Shades below
Thither, thither go:
Go with all thy base Designing,
All your Forging, Feigning, Coining,
And in Darkness ever lie.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Ah! whence these dire Forebodings of the Mind?
Why droops my Soul, when on the Verge of Bliss?
Is he not brave? Successful? Good? a King?
And all that can deserve Return of Love?

Yet

ALEXANDER BALUS. 15

Yet Apprehension of I know not what
Hangs heavy on my Soul, and checks the rising Joy.

A I R.

Toss from Thought to Thought I rove;
Joys surround me,
Fears confound me;
Ev'ry Passion is thine, O Love.

O thou pleasing irksome Guest!

Wishes rising,
Doubts surprising,
Give thy changeful Tide no Rest.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Aspasia. Give to the Winds, fair Princess, these vain Doubts,
And anxious Fears; nor think that they arise
From Skill prophetic in the Book of Fate;
But from pure Nature, that with detest Strife,
Twixt Hope and Fear, views the approaching Scene.

A I R.

Love, Glory, Ambition, whate'er can inspire
A Flame that is lasting, and purest Desire,
Unite in the Choice of a Monarch so great,
To make ev'ry Joy, ev'ry Blessing compleat.
Then give to the Winds these disconsolate Fears,
When the promising Morn of all Comfort appears.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ptolomee. Thus far my Wishes thrive. With eager Joy
Fond Alexander rushes on the Toils.

Friend,

16. ALEXANDER BALUS.

Friend, Brother, Son, whate'er he be; he falls, —
He falls to my Ambition. — 'Twas for This
I gave him Cleopatra, and for This
With other Arts will strengthen our Alliance,
Till I can work his Ruin. — Yes, I've fawn'd,
But only to devour; and soon will hurl
This happy Monarch from his fancied Throne,
To seat therein whom I can better rule,
The young Demetrius *. —

A I R.

*Virtue, thou ideal Name,
All thy Honours I disclaim;
Vain Delight of Coward Minds!
Bold Ambition knows no Law,
Active Souls, like mine, to awe,
Raging fierce, as boisterous Winds.*

RECITATIVE.

*Alexander. Glad Time at length hath reach'd the happy Point,
When long-liv'd Hope in sweet Possession dies.*

Mithra, I thank thee. — Cleopatra's mine. —

*Thou sacred Pow'r, bear Witness to my Love,
Warm as thy Fires, and pure as mid-day Light.*

*Cleopatra. Let † Isis ever bind my grateful Heart
To duteous Vows, and more than loyal Love.*

A I R and D U E T.

Alex. Hail, wedded Love, mysterious Law!

*Hearts delighting,
Souls uniting;*

A thousand Sweets from thee we draw.

* Maccab. xi. 9.

† An Egyptian Goddess.

Cleop. *A thousand, thousand Sweets we draw,
Peace, and Pleasure,
Without measure,
From wedded Love's mysterious Law.*

Chorus of Asiatics.

Hymen, fair Urania's Son,
Show'r thy choicest Blessings down
On the lovely royal Pair.
Let pure Honour, and Delight,
Crown the Day, and bless the Night,
As He is brave, and She is fair.



MISCELLANEOUS INVITATION



ALEXANDER BALUS.

P A R T III.

A G A R D E N, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra.

 IS true, instinctive Nature seldom points
At some approaching Ill, in vain. --- But sure
In vain were all my former Doubts and Fears:
For I am happy, happy beyond Thought,
In this bright Scene of ever-constant Joy..

A T R.

*Here amid these shady Woods,
Fragrant Flow'rs, and crystal Floods,
Taste, my Soul, this charming Seat,
Love, and Glory's calm Retreat. ---
Hence, vain Doubt, and idle Fear:
Joy, and only Joy dwells here.*

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

*Ruffians. Mistaken Queen! our Gods, and Ptolomee,
Have otherwise ordain'd. --- You must with us.*

Cleopatra. Help, help, O Isis. --- Alexander, help. ---

Alexander.

ALEXANDER BALUS.

Alexander. Ah! was it not my Cleopatra's Voice?
The Voice of Cleopatra in Distress? ---
It cannot be. --- What Beast can leap these Walls?
Or Man more bold and fierce, that dares invade
Our royal Privacy? --- Yet She was here,
And I did promise to partake with Her,
The sweet, and solid Pleasures of Retirement.

A I R.

Pow'rful Guardians of all Nature,
O preserve my beauteous Love;
Keep from Insult the dear Creature. ---
Virtue sure bath Charms to move.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Treachery, O King, unheard-of Treachery
Stalks through the Kingdom with gigantic Steps,
And glories in Success. --- The Syrian Towns
With open Gates have Ptolomee receiv'd,
As your kind Friend, and Father. --- Entring thus,
He with Egyptian Soldiers garrison'd
Each Place, and now at Antioch hath assum'd
The double Crown of Egypt and of Asia *.

Alexander. Talk'st thou of Crowns and Kingdoms lost,
my Friend,
We will recover them. --- But know'st thou ought
Of Cleopatra? ---

---- Faithful Aspasia,
Where is my Queen? my Cleopatra? ---
Aspasia. Brib'd by pernicious Gold, 'tis said your Guards
Admitted Ruffians, sent by Ptolomee
To seize the Queen for young Demetrius. ---

C 2

Alexander.

* I Maccab. xi. 2, 3, 13.

Alexander. Horror! Confusion! call my Forces round....
 To Arms, my *Jonathan*, and let us rush
 Upon the guileful Foe, that he may feel
 The Fury of affronted Majesty.

A I R.

Fury, with red-sparkling Eyes,
Rise, in all thy Terrors rise;
All around Destruction deal.
That Revenge may give some Ease,
Or cold Death a kind Release
To the horrid Pains I feel.

RECITATIVE.

Aspasia. Gods! can there be a more afflicting Sight
 Than such majestic Greatness in Distress?
 How is he fall'n! from Empire, Love, and Joy!
 The wretched Scorn of mercenary Slaves!

A I R.

Strange Reverse of human Fate,
Mighty Joy, and mighty Woe!
None are happy, none are great,
In this changeful State below.

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. May he return with laurel'd Victory
 On his glad Brow. --- But Oh! I fear, the Gods,
 The Creature-Gods he trusteth, cannot help. ---
 They are no Gods, but mere Delusion all.

A I R.

Known as I now **A L R** to **down** I find **it**
 To God, who made the radiant Sun,
 And fix'd him in his central Throne,
 The paler Moon, and ev'ry Star,
 That darts his beamy Light from far;
 To Him, Almighty, Greatest, Best,
 Jehovah, Lord of Hosts confess,
 All Victory belongs.
 To Him alone 'tis Judah's Care,
 To offer up their humble Pray'r,
 And tune their grateful Song.

Chorus of Israelites.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, and all ye Host of Heav'n,
 To great Jehovah be all Glory giv'n:
 On his creating, his all-saving Pow'r,
 Judah shall call, and him alone adore.

RECITATIVE.

Ptolomee to Cleopatra.

Yes--- he was false, my Daughter, false to you;
 And hath conspir'd against thy Father's Life *.
 Self-Preservation, and paternal Care
 For you, my Child, oblig'd me to dethrone
 This kingly Counterfeit. --- Then think no more
 Of the lost *Alexander*, but receive
 A worthier Hero, whom thy Father wills.
 Cleopatra. Impossible! He never cou'd be false
 To Me, or You, so brave! so just! so good!
 But Oh! indulge me once more with the Sight,

The

* 1 Maccab. xi. 10, 11.

22 ALEXANDER BALUS.

The last Farewel, of Him, to whom I'm bound
By Nature's strongest Tye, connubial Love.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

Ptolomee. Ungrateful Child, by ev'ry sacred Pow'r,
Thou never, never shalt behold him more.

In vain you sigh, in vain you mourn,
For soon thy rebel Heart shall learn,
With Smiles to welcome our Return.

A. I. R.

O Sword, and thou all-daring Hand,
Thy Aid alone I crave;
Nor other Gods, or Pow'r's demand
To conquer, or to save.

RECITATIVE.

Cleopatra. Shall Cleopatra ever smile again?
Oh no! whate'er a Father may command,
He cannot change the Course of Heart-sore Grief.

Messenger. Ungrateful Tidings to the royal Ear,
I bring, O Queen. --- But such the Will of Fate.
--- The valiant Jew hath vanquish'd thrice his Foes,
Whom, flying to Azotus, he perfu'd;
And on the City swift Destruction pour'd,
Not sparing Dagon's Temple, or the God*;
And now returns in Triumph. --- But the King,
Alas! the King, o'erpower'd by Ptolomee,
Your Father, and deserted by his Host,
Sought Refuge in Arabia, but in vain,
For treach'rous Zabdiel, heeding not the Pray'r,
That he pour'd forth in Bitterness of Soul,

Not

* 1 Maccab. x. 83, 84.

Not for Himself, but You, his Queen, his Life,
Hath with remorseless Sword smote off his Head.*

A I R.

Cleop. O take me from this hateful Light :

Torture end me,
Death befriend me,
Wrapt in Shades of endless Night.

RECITATIVE.

Another Messenger. Forgive, O Queen, the Messenger of Ill.—

Cleopatra. — Say on, say on. —

“ All strange and terrible Events are welcome
To one, whose only Comfort is Despair.

Messenger. From the dread Scene of bloody War I come--
Where Ptolomee, your Father, raging fierce
And fearless, ever in the foremost Rank,
From many a gaping Wound hath breath'd his Soul †.

Cleopatra. This is thy Hawock, O Ambition, Bane
Of human Happiness. Oh! had I ne'er
Been born a Queen, to feel the dire Effects
That wait the Fortune of the wretched Great.
But vain is all Complaint. --- Calm thou my Soul,
Kind Isis, with a noble Scorn of Life,
Ideal Joys, and momentary Pains
That flatter, or disturb this waking Dream.

A I R.

Convey me to some peaceful Shore,
Where no tumultuous Billows roar,
Where Life, tho' joyless, still is calm,
And sweet Content is Sorrow's Balm.

There

* 1 Maccab. xi. 17.

† 1 Maccab. xi. 18.

There free from Pomp and Care, to walk with bold and
Forgeting, and forgot, the Will of ~~Earth~~ ^{Heaven} that sheweth

RECITATIVE.

Jonathan. Mysterious are thy Ways, O Providence,
But always true and just. --- By Thee Kings reign,
By Thee they fall. --- Where now is Egypt's Boast?
Where thine, O Syria? --- laid low in Dust.
While chosen Judah triumphs in Success,
And feels the Presence of Jehovah's Arm.
Mindful of This, let Israel ever fear,
With filial Rev'rence, his tremendous Name,
And with obsequious Hearts exalt his Praise.

A I R, and Chorus of Israelites.

Ye Servants of th' eternal King,
His Pow'r and Glory sing:
And speak of all his righteous Ways,
With Wonder, and with Praise.

Amen. Hallelujah. Amen.

FINIS.

